

# CAN'T WAIT 'TIL HE'S DEAD SO I CAN READ THIS SAMPLER

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## summary

One Flu Over The Cuckoos Nest 2021

Oh Romano, Romano, Wherefore Art Thou Romano

Breast Fantasy

O? Naturale

A Librarian Love Song

I Am Has Been Will Be

No One Knows

Mask-air Aid

Without Refrain

Wethering The Storm

Work Daze On Weak Ends

Retrograde Orb IT

Evolutionary Economics

Whorers!

Sonnet For The Free

## One Flu Over The Cuckoos Nest 2021

Arrested by Alpha

Brought to by Beta

Detained by Delta

Guarded by Gamma

Oppressed by Omicron

Caged-inn COVID

But if Mu Kappa one Iota of hope

About Wu handed off this Lambda of Greek to me

Eta chance you may 'diss'appear

Occidental lee Xi

## Oh Romano, Romano, Wherefore Art Thou Romano

Asiago midst crumbled ruins;  
Whence eyed that ancient Emmental:  
Castle Roquefort; Nay Neufchatel,  
Nor Colby Cottage thatched:  
But aged Brick, Marbled amber,  
Cloaked in veined Gorgonzola;  
Nigh whose mould Blue walls,  
Nay flower Gruyere.

Liveno there Italian noble Romano:  
No airy Swiss or flippant Monterey Jack he;  
With bride maiden Pure:  
Whose Skim was as Cream,  
A beauty beyond all com' Parmesan.

Life was Gouda;  
Tilsit one Vailed Knight:  
A Humboldt Fog hung Stilton air;  
Wherein a Lincolnshire Poacher,  
Camembert away his Dutchess.  
Manchego!

"Oh cruel Fetas." he cried  
For his lost love heartaChed, dark mood  
Tears flowed Fontainebleau;  
Havarti to Provolone his true love?  
Yes. He would Go at once to free her:

As soul Processed by demon Wheys;  
To Leyden the Trappe Veritable;  
Thus send Curworthy foe to its Greve.  
Brave Chevre he'll thus be shown.

Alas,  
When he Cojita the Muenster,  
It went Pourly;  
He Pule out too soon and Doppelganger;  
And so in Curds his own demise.

Aye,  
Tis Lief's String that's cut Brief;  
Yet me thinks however Sliced:  
This Head cheese but Farmer Manouri

Lorraine!

## Breast Fantasy

I could write a poem  
On your tits  
It would be big  
And beautiful  
And rhyme in pairs  
'Cause  
Triplets  
Would be kind-a-weird

## O? Naturale

Colorful

It's Autumn

On a lingering summer's day

Bright, warm, soft breeze

Once vibrant leaves

Waft silently on their final journey

Like a fart

## A Librarian Love Song

A way you read  
Aye such a speed  
I'd like to eat your brain  
Your face, your guile  
Your loving smile  
Singsong without refrain  
Even though  
You know this po'  
You're secret I remain  
Where lovers greet  
Upon white sheet  
We'll meet and mete again



## I Am Has Been Will Be

Me Oedipus Macbeth

Me Alice in Wonderland marry The Ancient Mariner

Me have Great Expectations for Les Misérables

Me Hobbit in Gormenghast

Me double plus ungood "don't panic"

Me Atlas Shrugged, The Edible Woman

I wandered lonely as a cloud

I wander through each chartered street

Whose woods these are, I think I know

I caught a tremendous fish

I heard a fly buzz??when I died

To the virgins to make much of time

what happens to a dream deferred

Oh, but it is dirty!

"The Yellow Wallpaper"

"A Hunger Artist"

"A Worn Path"

A&P

DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest to children ardent for some desperate glory the old lie: *Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori.*

RAGE RAGE

## No One Knows

Bone

Cone

Hone

Lone

Pone

Tone

Zone

None

Done

Gone

## Mask-air Aid

The Mask, The Mask  
In false safety bask

I take Masque to task  
"Won't you wear it?" you ask

To which I reply  
If you get the lie

I'll follow the drum  
When you mask your bum

## Without Refrain

Past due Ukraine  
Vlad called campaign  
Rush in red reign  
Put in scorched plain

Wiled West's refrain  
Seizure arraign  
V-lad bombs a gain  
Refuse remain

Dictatorial disdain  
Endgame ego stain  
Hereafter ingrain  
Rush in insane

## Wethering The Storm

Alas Donbass  
Is broken glass  
As allies raise up arms  
But deliver he  
Is not sent free  
Despite Zelensky charms

Putin guessed right  
His right/just plight  
Can weather sanction storm  
And in a while  
EU's smug bile  
Will struggle to keep warm

## Work Daze On Weak Ends

I've got to  
Search it  
Pick through ads for it  
Refine my search  
Select it  
Download it  
Verify it  
Install it  
Register it  
Update it  
Optimize it  
Execute it  
Personalize it  
Link it  
Mark it with a T  
So all "The Good Guys"  
Can big air byte of me  
4 Free  
Time  
Enjoyment of the weekend  
Trying to think of ways  
It's of use to me

## Retrograde Orb IT

I crash

I. trash

Eye dash

Arrow inure

Aye

Lash out

## Evolutionary Economics

Not just a Negative Indication

Not just a small Contraction

Not just a Recession

Not a Depression

Not Stagnation

Regression



## Whorers!

The time is near  
To make your choice  
To vote this year  
To add your voice

November Fifth  
You'll decide  
Will it be Jekyll  
Or will it be Hyde

## Sonnet For The Free

*If Donald Trump was a poet and wrote a Sonnet for Harris  
(with apologies to Elizabeth Barrett Browning)*

How do I loathe thee? Let me count the ways.  
I loathe thee to the depth, and breath, and height  
My sole can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For thee's end of Being, an ideal Graze.  
I loathe thee to the level of everyday's  
Moist quiet need, by shun and canned-all light.  
I loathe thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I loathe thee purely, as a turn of Phrase.  
I loathe thee with the passion put to use  
In my old briefs, and with my childish farts.  
I loathe thee with a loathe I seemed too loose  
With my lost saints,?I loathe thee with my breadth,  
Trials, lears, of all my wife!?and, if Goad choose,  
I shall but loathe thee better after death.